

COST OF SHOES.

That the profits of the men who make shoes have been small for years and continually getting smaller, is universally conceded. But we do not think it is anything like as generally known that these same shoes, originally sold at a trifle above cost, frequently find their way into the hands of dealers who dispose of them at retail at figures which yield them immense profits. We mentioned last week one case in which a retailer's price for shoes which were sold from the factory at 85 cents was \$1. That is 250 per cent. profit. There was another of a bargain sale—"a great mark down"—of a large invoice of shoes made to order and worked off in a couple of days because they were offered so much below the regular price, and the advance on them was 112 per cent.

We have some more to add to the list. A New England manufacturer says he recently saw a pair of shoes for sale in a shoe store in a distant city for \$5. He identified them as a pair of his own manufacture, which he had sold with a large invoice at \$1.35. That is 355 per cent. profit. A New York manufacturer supplies a retailer in the neighborhood of his factory with a line of shoes at \$1.75 a pair, and the latter sells them at \$3.50—100 per cent. profit.

There are manufacturers who have for years been producing "price-marked shoes," so-called, that is, the price is always the same, whether the cost of sole leather is 30 cents a pound or 20, whether the cost of uppers is 15 cents a foot or 25. They make a large profit, no matter how dear the material is. At the present market value of leather and labor the profit on a three dollar shoe is 73 per cent., of which the manufacturer receives 40 per cent., the retailer 33 per cent.; the latter gets an allowance equal to 5 per cent. if he remits promptly.

There is a large expenditure for advertising, which is so much reduction of the profit, and it has to be kept up or the sales fall off directly. Retailers say that if they leave off for so short a time as a week the shrinkage of their trade is disagreeably perceptible. Many vendors of patent medicines have accumulated great wealth by the lavish advertising of their wares. The producers of staple commodities have been slower to adopt the like plan, but some of them have done to their pecuniary advantage.

It is strange so many people are ready to pay whatever prices dealers ask for shoes. It is not, perhaps, altogether inconceivable that the women are easily imposed upon, for it is a way they have. There are two kinds of feminine shoe buyers. The one kind are intent on getting bargains. They will buy anything, even if they have no use for it, if they are getting it cheap. If they see an article "marked down," they want it even if it is still extravagantly dear. They read the newspapers, and when they come across advertisements of goods to be sold at a great sacrifice they run after them in such crowds that they take up all the room there is in the store and buy with as much eagerness as if they feared there would be nothing left for them if they didn't hurry.

Then there are women who will not have anything for their own wear unless the price is high. We have in mind a type of this class, an agreeable, accomplished lady, a favorite in society, a connoisseur in costumes, always elegantly dressed. She was told by a friend that he was acquainted with one of the most renowned manufacturers of shoes in the country, that he would accompany her to his factory, and that she could have her foot measured, and as fine a pair of shoes made as she ever wore, for \$8. She declined the offer courteously but firmly and went off and bought a pair for \$15. Somebody made \$10 profit or thereabouts on that pair of shoes. She was satisfied and so was the seller.

Now, there are a good many of both the sorts of women we have described, and they give generous, even lavish support to the retail dealers in shoes. We are told there are proprietors of shoe stores who sell the same grade and quality of shoes at different prices to different customers—to one at \$3, to another at \$4, and to another at \$5. And they excuse themselves on the ground that the purchasers are better suited with the higher than with the lower price—that if the two pairs of shoes were laid before them side by side, precisely alike in every respect, the five-dollar pair would be selected in preference to the three-dollar pair, and the person who bought them could not be persuaded that the difference in value was not greater than the difference in cost. It may be something of a strain on a man's conscience to take advantage of the weakness of his fellow beings, but it is a little too much to expect of anybody that he will refuse to accept more for whatever he has for sale than it is worth, especially if that is the only way he has of selling it. Sometimes it is costly to be foolish, and it is as well for the foolish to learn that by experience.—Boston Journal.

**Coughing Leads to Consumption.**  
Kemp's Balsam will stop the cough at once. 41yl

FREAKS OF IMAGINATION.

"I have had a curious and annoying pain in my neck for several weeks past," said a man recently, "which, I finally persuaded myself, must come from an incipient cancer. And one morning, after passing a nervous and restless night, I resolved to face the thing out at once. So, instead of taking a downtown train to my office, I resolutely rode up-town to the Skin and Cancer Hospital and sought a consultation with the physician in charge there. In five minutes he had reassured me; the pain was a trifle, rheumatic, neuralgic, anything but cancerous, but, 'do you know,' said he, 'you are the ninth man who has come to me this morning with a false cancer scare. It is remarkable he went on, 'how common this fear is. Every week I relieve at least a dozen persons of these imaginary afflictions, till I have almost come to believe that some time or other everybody has to have his cancer scare.'"  
—New York Times.

DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

We have used Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup in our family for years and find it to be the best remedy for croup and cough. We have used it for our children who are all subject to throat trouble, with excellent results. It is very highly recommended by Dr. H. H. YORK, Bennington, N. Y.

A DRUMMER'S EXPERIENCE.

"I remember on one occasion," said the drummer, apparently going far back in his memory, "when I had one of the queerest experiences that fell to my share."

"We all have them," ventured a youngster, who was on his first trip.

The drummer merely looked at him and then went on with his story. "I was going to see a customer who lived about ten miles from the railroad," he said, "and as I reached the station about 7 o'clock in the evening and it was a half-moonlight night, I concluded to drive over at once and get back in time for the train at 10 o'clock next morning. The road was fairly good, though it was a lonesome one, and I felt pretty sure I could drive it in three hours, carrying a heavy trunk. I got away by 8 o'clock with a pair of horses doing my own driving, and for the first five miles nothing occurred. In fact, everything was going so smoothly that I began to doze. After a number of rods I was suddenly awakened by the noise of wheels just behind me, and looking back I was almost frightened by a horse's nose nearly over my shoulder. He was hitched to a buggy, in which sat a man and a woman. Look out there," I yelled, and whipped up my own team.

Their horse fell back, but they made no reply, and I drove on and nodded again, only to be awakened as before. "Then I became angry and said a number of things to which I received no answer. Indeed, neither man nor woman so much as looked up at me, but kept their faces down, and did not even pull up their lines. The horse fell back, though, and followed twenty feet or more behind me. The moon was becoming at this time and I could not see very distinctly, but I did not nod any more, for I was not exactly satisfied with my company. I called to them several times, but they remained silent. They kept right along behind me, though, for three miles, and at one or two places I took little side roads that I knew of, which led back again to the main road, and the others did the same. Once or twice on long stretches I touched up my horses, but the horse behind me followed at the same speed. The longer this thing kept up the more nervous I became, and once or twice I thought I must be having a nightmare. The last mile of the road was good and I concluded, rather than to have a row with these midnight intruders, I would run away from them; and as I turned into the home stretch I let my team go at its best, and I went along at a four-minute gait, but right behind me came the other horse, trotting smoothly and whinnying every now and then. Somehow I felt the cold chills down my back and a panic seized me. I didn't know why, I laid the whip on and my team broke into a dead run, evidently feeling my own fright and showing signs of fear they say animals show in the presence of ghosts.

But running was of little avail. The other horse was much better than mine and he came after me with his nose nearly in my buggy, and the two people never making a move to pull him up. With a yell at last I dashed up to the store of my customer, who hadn't gone to bed yet, and he came out with three or four men on the rush, and I almost fell out of my rig as he asked what was the matter.

"There," I screamed, "there, there," and I pointed back to where I had seen my ghastly visitors, but they had disappeared.

"He's got the jim-jams," loudly suggested one of the men, and I thought possibly I had, but I rubbed my eyes and looked around, and fifty yards down the road I saw the thing that had followed me. It had evidently passed me when I pulled into the store so suddenly, and I told the men to go after it. They did so, and in a minute they came back with a yell that beat mine.

"Jim-jams, is it?" I asked, scornfully.

"No; dead people," replied one with his teeth chattering.

"It was so, too, I found out when we had got a drink, and braced up enough to go after it again. They had been strangled for pure malice evidently and had been tied in their buggy and sent adrift. The horse being a strange one in that section, had been simply following my team by instinct, and was probably as badly frightened as I was and didn't know half as well where to go.

"My customer took care of the horse and buried the bodies, and it was a week before he learned that the people lived about a hundred miles to the north and were on a driving trip. It was never known who had killed them, but it was supposed to be tramps, who had expected to get money by murder, and were afraid to steal the horse and buggy."

When the drummer finished the younger set got up and stretched his legs.

"Well," he said, "if that sort of thing goes with this traveling business, I guess I'll send my samples into the house and quit."—Detroit Free Press.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best Salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, sore eyes, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns and all eruptions, and positively cures piles or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25c per box. For sale by C. D. Gibson. 41yl

AN ENGINEER WHO HAD A PASSION FOR LONG RUNS AGAINST TIME.

Henry S. Small, the well known Southern Pacific locomotive engineer, who died on last Sunday at the Oakland East road Hospital from heart disease, probably made the longest continuous trip behind the throttle of any engineer in this or any other country, the occasion being the trip of Jarrett & Palmer's famous "Continental Train" from Ogden to Sacramento and Stockton to the Oakland pier, a distance of 881 miles.

"Hank Smith," as he was familiarly called by his associates, entered the employ of the Central Pacific as an engine driver on the Central Pacific as an engine driver on a construction train when the road was being built east from Cisco, and later on was selected to take pay car on its monthly trips to every part of the system on account of his coolness and excellent judgment, combined with a fondness for making fast runs. It is said of him that he never showed the least bit of concern or excitement on the many mile-a-minute trips he had had between here and Ogden and Los Angeles, and across New Mexico and Arizona, and possessed a charmed life that enabled him, in spite of several serious accidents, to die a peaceful death at the age of 56 years.

When arrangements were being made to bring Jarrett & Palmer's train from Ogden in June, 1878, Small was selected as the engineer to bring it west, both on account of his familiarity with the entire road, and because of his ability to always make remarkably fast time. He was given engine 149, that has recently been "killed" and put in the scrap iron pile, and instructed by General Manager Towne and General Superintendent Fellows to run as fast as he could and keep his place at the throttle until Oakland pier was reached.

The tall, raw-boned, sinewy engineer went on his last trip, pulling out from Ogden with the train, he never left it for twenty-three hours and thirty-

eight minutes, and while the average speed for the long trip of 881 miles was only 37 1/2 miles per hour, there were many sections of the road along which more than a mile a minute was made. Going up the grade from Ogden to Promontory he made the first 55 miles in an hour and nine minutes, going around curves and up and down grades in so rapid a manner as to almost make the passengers on the train seasick at times. Passing Monument like a flash of lightning, he made the 13 miles from there to Kelton in 12 minutes. Still he was dissatisfied the rate of speed, and although his favorite locomotive was rocking and puffing and panting, as it were, like some great giant, he pulled the throttle wide open, and in seven minutes ten miles of track between Rye Patch and Ormana were at the rear of the train.

As the train sped over the Humboldt Division in Nevada 80 miles were run in exactly 81 minutes, and so great was the cloud of alkali dust that enveloped the cars that Small, looking back from his cab window, could not at times see the end of his train.

Arriving at Truckee at dusk, it was found that the brakes on the cars were almost useless, and two other cars were put into the train, so that their brakes might be used in going down the mountains to Sacramento. The bell in the cab to which the bell cord was attached was also broken from the violent use it had been put to in making small slow up in his great speed now and then; so the cord was tied around his body instead. The ride down the mountains in the darkness of the night was the fastest ever made.

Mr. Jarrett, Lawrence Barrett and other prominent passengers on the train presented Small with a diamond badge a few days after the arrival of the train here. He prized it very highly and will it to his grandchild.—San Francisco Examiner.

"TWO SOULS WITH BUT A SINGLE THOUGHT."

As they sat side by side, they sighed. "Oh, my idol!" he said, and then idled. "Dear Lulu," said she, as she looked, "I will wed thee if thou wilt," and he smiled. The honeymoon passed in an excess of joy. Excess in eating rich food brings indigestion, sick headache, and frequent attacks of dizziness. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets will cure all these. They are tiny, sugar-coated, and easy to swallow. No other preparation compares with them as a liver pill. They are guaranteed, and one is a dose.

IT IS ENGLAND'S VICTORY ALSO.

The greatest enthusiasm at the success of the Cleveland and free trade ticket appears to be in England. The New York free traders cannot rival the British free traders in loud and persistent applause of the free trade candidate. A dispatch from London last week said:

There is everywhere great enthusiasm over the result of the American election. Advice from Wales state that the tin plate workers held a jubilee, and at Bradford many remained up till late yesterday morning waiting to hear the figures from America. There has not been such excitement in a long time in the industrial centers of Great Britain. At Glasgow, Belfast and other industrial centers there is general rejoicing over the prospect of the United States being opened for more liberal if not free trade.

The St. James Gazette, a leading Tory organ, declares: "The English may be content for the present. They know that the party which openly boasted that it would ruin our manufactures, and which conferred high honors on Patrick Egan, has sustained a shattering defeat."

The Pall Mall Gazette tells the British public that "Mr. Blaine's shameful attempt to rouse the animosity of Irish-Americans against Great Britain has fallen flat and has profited him nothing. There may even be some hope for Tammany Hall." The London Star says that the news will be received with undisguised pleasure wherever McKinleyism has a blighting effect upon trade.

It is England's victory. It is the victory of the British manufacturer over the American manufacturer and wage earner, and the English newspapers hasten to remind us of the fact, which will become more evident when the Democracy will have taken full charge of the National government.

CATARRH IN NEW ENGLAND.

Ely's Cream Balm gives satisfaction to every one using it for catarrhal troubles.—G. K. Mellor, Druggist, Worcester, Mass.

I believe Ely's Cream Balm is the best article for catarrh ever offered the public.—Bush & Co., Druggists, Worcester, Mass.

An article of real merit.—C. P. Alden, Druggist, Springfield, Mass.

These who use it speak highly of it.—Geo. A. Hill, Druggist, Springfield, Mass.

Cream Balm has given satisfactory results.—W. P. Draper, Druggist, Springfield, Mass.

A quart of corn twice a day to twenty hens is supposed to be an allowance, but no estimate can be arrived at as hens will not thrive on corn alone, nor will all the hens in a flock eat alike or prefer the same kind of food. When feeding the hens give them a variety, but never give them more than they can eat up clean.

If you are offered a bottle of Salvation Oil, without wrapper or defaced or mutilated, don't buy at any price, you may be sure that there is something wrong; it may be a worthless or dangerous counterfeit. Insist upon getting a perfect, unbroken, genuine package, in a yellow wrapper.

A western humorist writes in his shirt sleeves. Well that's all right. That's where his "funny bone" is located.

"I was deaf for a year, caused by catarrh in the head, but was perfectly cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla." H. Hicks, Rochester, N. Y.

HAVING FUN WITH BILL.

"Gentlemen," said the old farmer, as he came up the steps of the hotel veranda, "I'm a Christian man, and may the Lord forgive me for what I'm about to do!"

"What are you about to do?" asked one of the crowd.

"I'm about to ask if there is anybody among you who kin put on the boxing gloves and knock my son Bill into the middle of next week! Bill is twenty years old, and he's got a fit on to be a prize fighter. I've talked and talked, but it don't do no good. He's as set as a mule, and nuthin' will change him till somebody comes along and knocks his chin off."

"Where is your son?" asked the man who had spoken before.

"Over here in a place they call the rink. He's even blowin' around that he's goin' to open a boxin' school. Consarn him, but he thinks I don't know putty!"

"And you want some one to put on the gloves and crack his jaw?"

"Dew, and I'll give the croaker five dollars for his work. Do you scrapp, as they call it?"

"Just a little—just enough to make your son Bill see about a million stars while he is falling. I'm feeling pretty well this morning, and will go over and

tickle William on the chin."

"Good! The five dollars is yours if you do it. Hain't you a drummer?"

"Yes, I travel for a Buffalo house, but that's no reason why I can't have some fun with your son Bill."

"Not a bit of it. Don't break his neck or anything, but put him to sleep as they call it. You know how to do it."

The drummer looked like an athlete, and from the confident smile on his face we had no doubt of his prowess as a boxer. The whole crowd went over to the rink, and Bill was found mending a rip in an old glove. He was long and lanky. He had white eyebrows, and a vacant expression in his turnip colored eyes. A number of the villagers dropped in, and pretty soon the drummer picked up a glove and said:

"Wonder if there is anyone around here who can box?"

"I believe my son Bill over thar does a leetle boxin'," replied the old man, as he happened in just then.

"Does he?" Here—you—want to put on the gloves?"

"Don't hear," replied Bill, and he slowly got up and thrust his big sun-burned paws into a pair of gloves.

"Play him a couple of minits and then crack him," whispered the father.

As the two squared off Bill appeared as awkward as a haycock on stilts, but for all that the drummer failed to get in on him. After about a minute, and while they were wondering why Bill didn't drop, the Buffalo man suddenly fell in a heap and lay like a log. It took us ten minutes to bring him to. It took him another ten to locate his surroundings and say:

"Some of you boys help me over to the hotel and then get a doctor."

"I thought you was going to make Bill see stars," said the old man, as he came up.

"You go away, you old villain!"

"Gentlemen, listen to him! As I'm a Christian man and a prayin' man, I had the oxen and cart all ready behind the rink to load Bill in and take him home to die. I didn't s'pose Bill could knock a grasshopper off a post. Won't some of the rest of you gentlemen put up your dukes, as they call it, and slam him to hash? It's five dollars fur the slammer."

But William waited in vain. No slammer appeared, and an hour later the old man passed the hotel on his way home and yelled at his oxen.

"Now, thar, X—gee up, Buck! Whoo! Gentlemen, I'm mighty whor, but I was deceived in Bill myself. Stand still, Buck! If any of the rest of you should feel like—"

But we rose up and threw chairs at him and drove him away.

**Catarrh, Not Local, But Constitutional.**  
Dr. Dio Lewis, the eminent Boston physician, in a magazine article says: "A radical error underlies nearly all medical treatment of catarrh. It is not a disease of the man's nose; it is a disease of the man, showing itself in the nose—a Local exhibition of a Constitutional trouble." Therefore, he argues, the use of snuff and other local applications is wrong, and while they seem to give temporary relief, they really do more harm than good. Other leading authorities agree with Dr. Lewis. Hence the only proper method of cure for catarrh is by taking a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, reaching every part of the body through the blood does eliminate all impurities and makes the whole man healthier. It removes the cause of the trouble and restores the diseased membrane to proper condition. That this is the practical result is proven by thousands of people who have been cured of catarrh by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

If the Women's Christian Friendly Society of Milwaukee, will agree to maintain a working girls' boarding-house, Miss Elizabeth Plankinton of that city will build one and furnish it.

**"The Best Family Magazine in Existence."**  
Good Housekeeping. Monthly. \$2.00 a year, \$1.00 for six months. Some of the leading features for 1893 are: The Household Market Basket, by Maria Parloa; The House Sensible, by E. C. Gardner; The Shopping Bag, by Helena Rowe; What to Do With My Lady's House, by Mrs. Oliver B. Bunker; Music and Melody in the Home, by Edward H. Phelps; A Noble Girlhood, by Mrs. H. Annette Poole, a serial story beginning in the number for November 1892.

The pages of Good Housekeeping will be enlivened and enriched with contributions of prose and verse from our large corps of contributors, numbering hundreds of the best household writers of our time. For our departments of Home Decoration, Sanitation, Household Sewing, Sick Room, Nursery, Kitchen Table, Pantry, Cupboard, Closets, Cory Corner, Home Correspondence, Notable Nothings, Crumbs, Literary Leaflets, Fugitive Verse, Quiet Hours with the Quick Witted, choice supplies have been provided. Send for a sample copy, which will be sent you free on request, and see the special offer telling you how you can get any book you may happen to want at a reduced price. Clark W. Bryan & Co., Springfield, Mass. 414

Among the faculty the Chicago University is securing for itself will be Martha Foote Crow, who has been recalled from Oxford, England, to take the chair of English Literature, and Marion Talbot, a member of the Board of Visitors and Instructors of Wellesley College, who has been appointed assistant professor in the department of social science.

**IT IS NOT BEST**  
to always believe everything a person tells you, but when you hear that the best blood purifier is Sulphur Bitters, you can believe it, for they cure d. me of a severe case of blood poisoning. REV. A. FAIRCHILD, New York City.

—Man enters newspaper office. Editor looks up in alarm—"My dear sir," says the visitor, "I have a bench warrant for your arrest." Editor—"Thank God it is no worse! I thought you had a poem."

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Mince  
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Makes an every-day convenience of an old-time luxury. Pure and wholesome. Prepared with scrupulous care. Highest award at all Pure Food Expositions. Each package makes two large pies. Avoid imitations—and insist on having the NONE SUCH brand.

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